

Synopsis.

Simon Dule, the teller of the story, born of gentle blood in an English country district shortly after the execution of Charles I, is looked upon as destined to greatness because a wise woman has prophesied that he shall "love what the king loves, know what the king hides and drink of the king's cup." Falling in love with Barbara, daugheup." Falling in love with Barbara, daug.ter of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton, his young affections are diverted by the ap-pearance of a mysterious London beauty. named Cydaria, who secretly sojourns at Hatchstead. On Cydaria's return to Lon-don he receives a commission in the King's Guards. He goes to London, discovers that Cydaria is really Nell Gwynn and decides to resign his commission because she pro-cured it. Simon becomes a favorite of the young Duke of Monmouth, and is attached to his suite. A message from Mistress Gwynn arouses his old love for her. He discovers the true state of affairs and formally renounces his love for Cydaria; goes to Dover with the young duke. At Canter-bury he falls in with a French gentleman. who is mysteriously excited at the words "Il vient," spoken as a sample of his French. The queen and her suite are received with much pomp and ceremony, but the greatest interest centers in the arrival of M. De Perrencourt, who comes by night from Calais. Secret conferences are held, at which only the most notable are present. While waiting secretly in an outer hall for one of the meetings to break up Simon overhears the duke lavishly complimenting Mistress Barbara. This nettles him, but a sudden step is heard and the mysterious M. de Perrencourt appears, to whom the young duke bows in most abject submission M. de Perrencourt speaks with Bar-M. de Perrencourt speaks with Barbara in a mysterious and confidential man ner, and on his departure Simon makes his appearance to assure her of his presence and services when needed. He is made pris oner in his own apartment on the day fol-lowing as punishment for his curiosity. The Dukes of York and Monmouth seek by a counterplot, using Dale, to thwart the contemplated treaty, but Dale is hurriedly summoned into the king's presence and summoned into the king's presence and commanded to "drink of the king's cup." At the first draught his senses leave him. The drink proves to be drugged wine, sent him by Phineas Tate and offered to the king by his friend Darrell. Tate is apprehended and confesses his diabolical purhended and confesses his diabolical purhended in the sentenced Simon is then at pose and is sentenced. Simon is then at-tached to the suite of M. de Perrencourt, at that gentleman's request, for purposes of

CHAPTER AV-Continued.

I returned to my quarters in no small turmell, yet my head, though it still ached screly from the effect of taking that draught so fortunately dashed from my hard, was clear enough and I could put together all the pieces of the puzzle save one. But that one chanced to be of some moment to me, for it was myself. The business with the king which had brought M. de Perrencourt so stealthily to Dover was finished, or was even now being accomplished; his presence and authority had reinferced madame's persuasions, and the treaty was made, but in these high affairs I had no place. If I would find my work I must look elsewhere to the struggle that had arisen between M. de Perrencourt and his grace the Dake of Monmouth in which the stakes were not wars or religions, and the quarrel of simpler nature. In that Louis (for I did not trouble to maintain his disguise in my thoughts) had won, as he was certain to win, if he put forth his strength. My heart was sore for Mistress Barbara. I knew that she was to be the spoil of the French king's vic-tory, and that the loss to the beauty of his court caused by the departure of Mile. de Querouaille was to find compensation. But still where was my part? I saw only one thing, that Louis had taken a liking for me, and might well choose me as his instrument, if an instrument was needed. But for what and where it was needed I could not conceive, since all France was under his feet and a thousand men would spring up to do his bidding at a wordaye, let the bidding be what it might and the task as disgraceful as you will. What were the qualities in me or in my condi-tion that dictated his choice baffled con-Suddenly came a low kneck on the door.

Suddenly came a low knock on the door. I opened it, and a man slipped in quickly and covertly. To my amazement I saw Carford. He had kept much out of sight lately. I supposed that he had discovered all he wanted from Monmouth's ready confidence, and had carried his ill-won gains to his paymaster. But supposing that he would keep up the comedy, I said stiffly:

"You come to me from the Duke of Mon-mouth, my lord?" He was in no mood for pretense tonight. He was in a state of great excitement, and brushing aside all reserve, came at once to the point,
"I am come," he said, "to speak a word

with you. In an hour you're to sail for Yes," I said. "Those are the king's

But in an hour you could be so far from here that he with whom you go could not wait for your return."
"Well, my lord?"
"To be brief, what's your price to fly
and not to sail?"

standing, facing one another. We were I answered him slowly, trying to catch his

Why are you willing to pay ptice?" said I. "For it's you who pays."
"Yes, I pay. Come, man, you know why
you go and who goes with you?"
"M. do Ports."

"M. de Perrencourt and M. Colbert go," said I. "Why I go I don't know."
"Nor who else goes?" he asked, looking in my eyes. I paused for a moment and then answered: he asked, looking "Yes, she goes,"
"And you know for what purpose?"

"I can guess the purpose."
"Well, I want to go in your place. I have done with that fool Monmouth, and the French king would suit me well for a master."
"Then ask him to take you also."
"Then ask him to take you also."

"He will not. He'd rather take you." "Then I'll go," said I.

"Then I'll go," said I.

Hie drew a step nearer to me. I watched him closely, for on my life I did not know in what mood he was, and his honor was ill to lean on as a waving reed.

"What will you gain by going?" he asked. "And if you fly, he will take me. Somebody he must take."

"Is not M. Colbert enough?"

He looked at me suspiciously as though

He looked at me suspiciously, as though he thought that I assumed ignorance.

"You know very well that Colbert wouldn't serve his purpose."

"By my faith," I cried, "I don't know what his purpose."

what his purpose is.
"You swear it?" he asked, in distrust and amazement. "Most willingly," I answered. "It is sim-

He gazed at me still as though but half convinced. "Then what's your purpose in going?"

"I obey my orders. Yet I have a purpose, and one I had rather trust with myself than with you, my lord." 'Pray, sir, what is it?'

To serve and guard the lady who goes

After a moment of seeming surprise he broke into a sneering laugh.
"You go to guerd her?" he said.
"Her and her honor," I answered, steadily. "And I do not desire to resign that task into your hands, my lord."
"What will you do? How will you serve her?" he asked.
A sudden suspicion of him seized me. His manner had changed to a forced urbanity.

manner had changed to a forced urbanity. When he was civil he was treacherous. "That's my secret, my lord," I answered. "I have preparations to make. I pray you give me leave." I opened the door and held it for him. His rage had mastered him. He grew

red, and the veins swelled on his forehead.
"By heaven, you shan't go," he cried, and clapped his hand to his sword. ship lay ready for us. A very light breeze

"Who says that Mr. Dale shall not go?" A man stood in the doorway, plainly at-ired, wearing boots, and a cloak that half hid his face. Yet I knew him, and Carford knew him. Carford shrank back, I bowed, and we both bared our heads. M. de Per-

and we both bared our heads. M. de Per-rencourt advanced into the room, fixing his eyes on Carford.

"My lord," he said, "when I decline a gentleman's services I am not to be forced into accepting them, and when I say a gen-

tleman shall go with me, he goes. Have you a quarrel with me on that account?"
Carford found no words in which to answer him, but his eyes told that he would ing near the edge of the water. I saw Colhave given the world to draw his sword against M. de Perrencourt, or, indeed, against the pair of us. A gesture of the newcomer's arm motioned him to the door. But he had one sentence more to her against the care of Mistress Quinton But he had one sentence more to hear be-

filling my saddle bags with my few possessions. He watched me in silence for awhile.

"I have chosen you to go with me, said, "because, although you know a thing, you don't speak of it, and although you see you don't speak of it, and although you see "Sne understands no English," said Bar. "Sne understands no English," said Bar. blindness deficient, but I received the com-

pliment in silence.

"To Paris, sir?"

"Madame," said he, "has sent a discreet

"Kings, my lord," said M. de Perrencourt, "may be compelled to set spies about the persons of others. They do not need them about their own."

Carford turned suddenly white and his teeth set. I thought he would for a tell.

I lost no time in approaching Barbara. The woman with her was stout and short, having a broad, hard face. She stood by Carford turned suddenly white and his teeth set. I thought he would fly at the man who rebuked him so scornfully, but such an outbreak meant death; he controlled himself. He passed out, and Louis, with a careless laugh, seated himself on my bed. I stood respectfully opposite to him.

"Make your preparations," said he. "In half an hour's time we depart."

I obst no time in approaching Barbara. The woman with her was stout and short, having a broad, hard face. She stout by her charge, square and sturdy as a soldier on guard. Barbara acknowledged my salutation stiffly. She was pale and seemed anxious, but in no great distress or horror. But did she know what was planned for her or the part I was to play? The first words she snoke showed me that she knew. I obeyed him, setting about the task of filling my saddle bags with my few possessions. He watched me in silence for awhile. At last he spoke.
"I have chosen you to go with me," he with us?"

ed, crying, "For us? Why, are you coming with us?"

bara, catching my meaning. "You can speak freely. Why are you coming?"
"Nay, but why are you going?"
She answered me with a touch of defiance in heaviless. "These great qualities," he pursued.
"make a man's fortune. You shall come with me to Paris."

"Nay, but why are you going?"
She answered me with a touch of defiance in her voice.
"The Duchess of York is to return with

madame on a visit to the French court, and "Yes. I'll find work for you there, and I go to prepare for her coming." those who do my work lack neither reward So this was the story by which they were



LOUIS SAT DOWN ON MY BED.

nor honor. Come, sir, am I not as good a inducing her to trust herself in their hands king to serve as another?"
"Your majesty is the greatest prince in Christendom," said L. For such, indeed, all the world held him.

"Yet even the greatest prince in Christendom fears some things," said he, smiling. "Surely, nothing, sir." "Why, yes, A woman's tongue, a woman's tears, a woman's rage, a woman's jeal-

ousy; I say, Mr. Dale, a woman's jealdone, or they had never been done. staring at him now with my hands dropped shiver she said:
"I am giad to h

"I am married," he pursued. "That is little." And he shrugged his shoulders. "Little enough at courts, in all con-science." thought I; perhaps my face betrayed something of the thought, for King

Louis smiled. "But I am more than a husband," he pur-Not knowing what comment to make on this I made none. I had heard the talk about his infatuation, but it was not for me to mention the lady's name. Nor did the king name her; he rose and approached me,

looking full in my face. "You are neither a husband nor a lover?"

"Neither, sir." "You know Mistress Quinton?"

Yes, sir. He was close to me now, and he whispered to me, as he had whispered to the king in the council chamber.

"With my favor and such a lady for his wife, a gentleman might climb high."

I heard the words and I could not repress a start. At last the puzzle was pieced, and my part plain. I knew now the work I was to do, the price of the reward I was to gain. Had he said it a month before, when I was not yet trained to self-control and concealment, king as he was, I would have drawn my sword on him. For good or evil dissimulation is soon learned. With a great effort I repressed my agitation and hid my disgust, King Louis smiled at me, deeming what he had

stggested no insult. "Your wedding shall take place at Calais,' he said; and I (I wonder now to trink of it) bowed and smiled.

"Be ready in a quarter of an hour," said ne, and left me with a gracious smile.

I stood there where I was for the best ert of the time still left to me. I saw why Carford desired the mission on which I went, why madame bade me practice the closing of my eyes, how my fortune was to come from the hand of King Louis. An Erglish gentleman and his wife would travel back with the king, the king would give his favor to both. And the lady Barbara Quinton.

I turned at last and made my final preparation. It was simple: I loaded my pistol and hid it about me, and I buckled on my sword, seeing that it moved easily in the sheath. By fortune's will I had to redeem the pledge which I had given to my lord; It's the his daughter's honor new knew no safety but in my arm and wits. Alas, how stends the chance was and how great the odds! Then a sudden fear came upon me. I had I lived of late in a court where honor seemed dead, and women, no less than men, gave everything for wealth or place. I had seen nothing of her; no word had come from her to me. She nad scorned Monmouth, but might the not be wen to smile upon M. de Perrencourt? I drove the thought from me and yet fastening on me. She went with M. de Perrencourt. Did she go willingly?
With that thought beating in my brain
I stepped forth to my adventure.

CHAPTER XVI.

M. De Perrencourt Wonders. As I walked briskly from my quarters down to the sea, M. de Perrencourt's last whisper, "With my faver and such a lady for his wife a gentleman might climb bigh," echced in my ears so loudly and insistently as to smother all thought of what had passed in the council chamber and to make of no mement for me the plots and plans of kings, Catholics and ranters. That night I cared little though the king had signed away the liberties of our religion and his realm. I spared no more than a lassing wonder for the attempt to which conscience run mad had urged Phineas Tate, and in which he in his turn had involved my simpleton of a servant. Let them all plot and plan. The issue lay in God's hand, above my knowledge and be yerd my power. My task was enough and mere than enough for my weakness; to it I turned with no fixed design and no lively hepe, with a prayer for success only and a resolve not to be King Louis' catspaw. A month ago I might have marveled that the offered such a part to any gentleman; the illusions of youth and ignorance were melting fast, now that I was left to ask why he had selected one so humble for a place that great men held in those days with open profit and without open shame. aye, and have held since. For although I have lived to call myself a whig, I do not hold that the devil left England for good and all with the house of Stuart. We were on the quay now, and the little

blew off the island, enough to carry us over if it held, but promising a long passage; the weather was damp and misty. M. Col-

bert had shrugged his shoulders over the

jest with me." "Indeed, I'm coming, madame. I hope my company is to your liking?" "But why, why?"

"M. de Perrencourt has one answer to that question and I another."

You are coming in truth, are you? Don't

Her eyes questioned me, but she did not put her question into words. With a little "I am giad to be quit of this place."
"You're right in that," I answered, grave-

Doubtless they might have forced her, but deceit furnished a better way. Yet agita-

tion had mingled with defiance in her voice

In an instant she went on:

Her cheek flushed and her eyes fell to the ground. "Yes," she murmured.

"But Dover Castle is not the only place where danger lies," said I. "Madame has sworn—" she began, im-

nd M. de Perrencourt?" I interrupted. "He—he gave his word to his sister," she said in a very low voice. Then she stretch-

ed her hand out toward me, whispering, 'Simon, Simon I interpreted the appeal, although it was but an inarticulate cry, witnessing to a fear of dangers unknown. The woman had edged a little away, but still kept a careful

watch. I paid no heed to her. I must give my warning "My services are always at your dis-rosal, Mistress Barbara," said I, "even without the right to them that M de Per-

ourt purposes to give you." "I don't understand. How can he why, you wouldn't enter my service?'
She laughed a little as she made this sug-

gestion, but there was an eagerness in her voice: my heart answered to it, for I say that she found comfort in the thought of my company. 'M. de Perrencourt," said I, "purposes that I should enter your service, and his

also."
"Mine and his?" she murmured, puzzled and alarmed. I did not know how to tell her, I was ashamed. But the last moments fled, and she must know before we were at sea.

"Yonder where we're going," I said, "the word of M. de Perrencourt is law and his

pleasure right." She took alarm and her voice trembied. "He has promised—madame told me," she stammered. "Ah, Simon, must I go? Yet I should be worse here."
"You must go. What can we do here? I

go willingly. "For what?" "To serve you if it be in my power! Will you listen?"

"Quick, quick. Tell me!"
"Quick, quick. Tell me!"
"Of all that he swore he will observe nothing. Hush, don't cry out. Nothing!"
I feared that she would fall, for she reeled where she stood. I dared not support

"If he asks a strange thing, agree to it. s the only way."
"What? What will he ask?" "He will propose a husband to you." She tore at the lace wrapping about her

throat as though it were choking her; her



"I Won't Go."

eyes were fixed on mine. I answered her gaze with a steady regard, and her cheeks gaze with a steady regard, and her cheeks grew red with a hot blush.
"His motive you may guess," said I.
"There is convenience in a husband."
I had put it at last plainly enough, and when I had said it I averted my eyes from

her.
"I won't go," I heard her gasp. "I'll throw myself at the king's feet."
"He'll make a clever jest on you," said

"He'll make a clever jest on you, said
I bitterly.
"I'll implore M. de Perrencourt—"
"His answer will be—polite."
For a while there was silence. Then she spoke again, in a low whisper; her voice now sounded hard and cold, and she stood

Who is the man?" she asked. Then she broke into a sudden passion, and, forget-ting caution, selzed me by the arm, whis-pering. "Have you your sword?" pering, "Have you your sword?"
"Aye, it is here."

"Will you use it for me?"
"At your bidding."

"Then use it on the body of the man."
"I'm the man," said I.
"You, Simon?" "You, Simon?"
Now, what a poor thing is this writing, and how small a fragment of truth can it hold! "You, Simon!" The words are nothing, but they came from her lips full charged with wonder, most incredulous, yet colored with sudden hope of deliverance. She doubted, yet she caught at the strange chance. Nay, there was more still, but what I could not tell, for her eyes lit up with a sudden sparkle which shone a brief moment, and then was screened by drooping lids.

That is why I go." said I. "With M. de Perrencourt's favor and such a lady for my wife I might climb high. So whispered M. de Perrencourt himself." "You!" she murmured again, and again her cheek was red. "We must not reach Calais, if we can

escape by the way. Be near me always on the ship; fortune may give us a chance. And if we come to Calais, be near me while you can.' "But if we can't escape?"

was puzzled by her. It must be that she found in my company new hope of escape. Hence came the light in her eyes and the agitation which seemed to show excitement rather than fear. But I had no answer to her question, "If we can't es-Had I been ready with fifty answers, time

would have lacked for one. M. Colbert called to me. The king was embracing his guest for the last time. The sails were spread. Thomas Lie was at the helm. I hastened to obey M. Colbert's summons. He pointed to the king, going forward. I knelt and kissed the hand extended to me Then I rose and stood for a moment, in case it should be the king's pleasure to address me. M. de Perrencourt was by his

The king's face wore a smile, and the smile breadened as he spoke to me.
"You're a willful man, Mr. Dale," said he, but fortune is more willful still. You would not woo her; therefore, womanlike, shaloves you. You were stubborn, but she is resolute to overcome your stubbornness, but don't try her too far. She stands waiting for you open-armed. Isn't it so, my brother?"

"Your majesty speaks no more than ruth," said M. de Perrencourt. Will you accept her embraces?" asked the king. I bowed very low and raised my head

with a cheerful and gay smile.
"Most willingly," I answered. "And what of reservations, Mr. Dale?"

"May it please your majesty, they go not hold across the water." "Good. My brother is more fortunate than I. God be with you, Mr. Dale." At that I smiled again. And the king smiled. My errand was a strange one to earn a benediction. "Be off with you," he with an impatient laugh. "A man

must pick his words in talking with you."

A gesture of his hand dismissed me. I went on board and watched him stand upon the quay as Thomas Lie steered us out of the harbor and laid us so as to catch the wind. As we moved the king turned and began to mount the hill.

We moved, but slowly. For an hour we made way. All this while I was alone on deck, except for the crew and Thomas Lie. The rest had gone below. I had offered to follow, but a gesture from M. Colbert sent me back. The sense of helplessness was on me, overwhelming and bitter. When the time came for my part I should be sent for; until then none had need of me. I could guess well enough what was passing below, and I found no comfort in the knowl edge of it. Up and down I walked quickly as a man torn and tormented with thoughts that his steps, however hasty, cannot outs rip. The crew stared at me, the pilot himself spared a glance of amused wonder at the man who strode to and fro so rest lessly. Once I paused at the stern of the ship, where Lie's boat, towed behind us, cut through the water as a diamond cuts a piece of glass. For an instant I thought of leaping in and making a bid for heerty alone. The strange tone in which "You, Simon!" had struck home to my heart forede me. But I was sick with the world and turned from the boat to gaze over the sea. There is a power in the quiet water by night. It draws a man with a promise of peace in the soft lap of forgetfulness. So strong is the allurement that, though count myself same and of sound mind of deep waters when the night is full, for the doubt comes then whether to live is sanity and not rather to die, and have an end of the tossing of life and the unresting dissatisfaction of our state. That night the impulse came to me mightily, and I forght it, forcing myself to look, refusing the weakness of fright from the seductive siren. For I was fenced round with troubles and of a sore heart; there lay the open country and a heart at peace.
Suddenly I gave a low exclamation; the water which had fled from us as we moved, seeming glad to pass us by and rush again en its race undisturbed, stood still. From the swell came quiet out of the shimme

mirror disentangled itself and lay there on the sea, smooth and bright. But it grew dull in an instant. I heard the sails flap, but saw them no more. A dense white yapor settled on us, the length of my arm bounded my sight, all movement ceased and we lay on the waters, inert and idle I leaned beside the gunwale, feeling the fog moist on my face, seeing in its baffling felds a type of the toils that bound and fettered me. Now voices rose round me and again fell; the crew questioned, the captain urged. I heard Colbert's voice of he hurried on deck. The sufficient answer was all round us; when the mist was there was all round us: where the mist was there could be no wind; in grumbling the voices

lied away. The rest of what passed seems even now a strange dream that I can hardly follow, whose issue alone I know, which I can re-cover only dimly and vaguely in my mem-I was there in the stern, leaning over listening to the soft sounds of the sea a Thomas Lie's beat rolled lazily from sid to side and the water murmured gently under the gentle stroke. Then came voices again just by my shoulder. I did not move. I knew the tones that spoke, the perstasive, commanding tones, hard to resist, apt to compel. Slowly I turned myself tound. The speakers must be within eight or ten feet of me, but I could not see them. Still they came nearer. Then I heard the scund of a sob, and at it sprang to rigidity, poised on ready feet, with my hand or the hilt of my sword.

"You're weary new," said the smooth, strong voice. "We will talk again in the strong voice. We will talk again in the morning. From my heart I grieve to have distressed you. Come, we'll find the gentleman whom you desire to speak with, and I'll trouble you no more. Indeed, I count myself fortunate in having asked my good brother for one whose company is agree-able to you. For your sake your friend shall be mine. Come, I'll take you to him and then leave you."

Barbara's sobs ceased. I did not won let that his persuasions won her to repose and almost to trust. It seemed that the mist grew a little less thick. I saw their figures. Knowing that at the same moment I must myself be seen, I spoke on the in-"I am here at Mistress Quinton's serv-

M. de Perrencourt, to call him still by hi chosen name, came forward and groped his way to my arm, whispering in Frenca:
"All is easy. Be gentle with her. Why, she turns to you of her own accord. All will go smoothly."

"You may be sure of it, sir," I said.
"Will you leave her with me?"
"Yes," he answered. "I can trust you,
can't I?"

an't I?"
"I may be trusted to death," I answered, miling behind the mist's kind screen.
Barbara was by his side now; with a bow he drew back. I traced him as he went toward where Lie stood, and I heard a spoke to one another. Then I heard no more, and lost sight of him in the thick, close darkness. I put out my hand and felt for Barbara's; it came straight to mine. murmur of voices as he and the helm "You—you'll stay with me?" she murmured. "I'n-ufrightened, Simon."

As she spoke I felt on my cheek the cold breath of the wind. Turning my full face, I felt it more. The breeze was rising, the

sails flappeddagain. Thomas Lie's buffeted the waves with a quicker beat When I looked toward her I saw her face framed in mist, pale and wet with tears beseeching me. There at that moment born in danger and nursed by her helpless. ness, there came to me a new feeling, that was yet an old one, now I knew that I would not leave her. Nay, for an instant I was tempted to abandon all effort and drift on to the French shore, looking there to play my own game, despite of her and despite of King Louis himself. But the risk was too desperate.
"No, I won't leave you," I said in low tones, that trembled under the fresh bur-

den which they bore. den which they bore.

But yes, the wind rose, the mist began to lift, the water was running lazily from under our keel, the little boat bobbed and danced to a leisurely tune.
"The wind serves," cried Thomas Lie.
"We shall make land in two hours if it

hold as it blows now." The plan was in my head. It was such an impulse as, coming to a man, seems revelation, and forbids all questioning of its authority. I held Barbara still by the hand

and drew her to me. There, leaning over the gunwale, we saw Thomas Lie's boat moving after us. His sculls lay ready. ooked in her eyes, and was answered with wonder, perplexity and dawning

gence.
"I daren't let him carry you to Calais,"
I whispered; "we should be helpless there."
"But you—it's you."
"As his tool and his fool," I muttered.

ow as I spoke, she heard me, and asked,

despairingly:
"What then, Simon? What can we do?"

"If I go there, will you jump into my rms. The distance is not far."
"Into the boat? Into your arms in the

"Yes. I can hold you. There's a chance if we go now, before the mist lifts more."
"If we're seen?"

"We're no worse off." "Yes; I'll jump. Simon."

We were moving now, briskly enough, though the wind came in fitful gusts, and with no steady blast, and the mist now lifted, now again swathed us in close folds. gripped Barbara's hands, whispering, "Be ready," and throwing one leg over the side, followed with the other, and dropped gently into Thomas Lie's boat. It swayed underme, but it was broad in the beam and rode high in the water; no harm happened. Then I stood square in the bows and whispered. "Now!" For the beating of my heart I scarcely heard my own words, but I spoke louder than I knew. At the same instant Barbara sprang into my arms there was a rush of feet across the deck, an oath rang loud in French, and another figure appeared on the gunwale, with one leg thrown over. Barbara was in my arms. I felt her trembling body cling to mine, but I disengaged her grasp quickly and roughly-for gentleness asks time, and time we had none-and laid her down in the boat. Then I turned to the figure above me. A momentary glance showed me the face of King Louis. I paid no more heed, but drew my knife and flung myself on the rope that

bound the boat to the ship.

Then the breeze dropped and the fog fell thick and enveloping. My knife was on the rope and I severed the strands with desperate strength. One by one I felt them go. As the last went I raised my head, From the ship above flushed the fire of a From the ship above flashed the fire of a pistol, and a ball whistled by my ear. Wild with excitement, I laughed derisively. The last strand was gone. Slowly the ship forged ahead, but then the man on the gun-wale gathered himself together and sprang across the water between us. He came full on the top of me, and we fell together on the floor of the boat. By the narrowest chance we escaped foundering, but the sturdy boat proved true. I clutched my assailant with all my strength, pinning him erm to arm, breast to breast, shoulder to shoulder. His breast to breast, shoulder to shoulder. His breath was hot on my face. I gasped. "Row, row!" From the ship came a sudden alarmed cry, "The boat, the boat." But already the ship grew dim and "Row, row," I muttered. Then I heard

the sculls set in their holes, and with a slow, faltering stroke the boat was guided away from the ship, moving nearly at a right angle to it. I put out all my strength. I was by far a bigger man than the king, and I did not spare him. I hugged him with a bear's hug, and his strength was squeezed out of him. Now I was on the ton and he below I was on the ton and he held with the ship was on the ton and he held with the ship was on the ton and the ship was on was on the top and he below. I twisted his pastol from his hand and flung it over-Tumultuous cries came from the blurred mass that was in the ship. blurred mass that was in the ship, but the breeze had fallen, the fog was thick, they had no other boat. The king lay still. "Give me the sculls," I whispered. Bar-bara yielded them. Her hands were cold as death when they encountered mine. She scrambled into the stern. I dragged the king back—he was like a log now—till he lay with the middle of his body under the seat en which I was his face looking up seat on which I was, his face looking up from between my feet. Then I fell to rowing, choosing no course, except that our way should be from the ship, and ready at any movement of the still form below me to drop my sculls and set my pistol at his head. Yet till that need came I bent lus-tily to my work, and when I looked over my shoulder the ship was not to be seen, but all around hung the white vapor, the friendly accomplice of my enterprise. That leap of his was a gallant thing. He knew that I was his master in strength, and that I stood where no motive of prudence could reach and no fear restrain me. dence could reach and no fear restrain me.

If I were caught, the grave or a French
prison would be my fate. To get clear off
he might suppose that I could count even
the most august life in Christendom well
taken. Yet he had leaped, and before
heaven I feared that I had killed him.
If it were so I must set Barbara in eafety If it were so, I must set Earbara in safety and then follow him where he was gone. There would be no place for me among liv-ing men, and I had better choose my own end than be hunted to death like a mad These thoughts soun the water on an aimless course through the mist, till the mast of the ship utterly ... appeared and we three were alone on the sea. Then the fear overcame me. I rested on my oars, and leaning over to where Barbara sat in the stern, I shaped with a westruck lips the question, "Is he dead?" My God, is he dead?"

(To be continued.) HISTORY OF ICE-MAKING.

Unique Methods Followed by the Ancients. F.om Cass'er's Monthly. The most ancient method of making ice

practiced in India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it, at the close of the day. are placed pans of water, which are left until the next morning, when the ice that s found within the pans is collected. This industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans. The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from its liquid to its gase-

Another process was practiced in the days of ancient Rome, when the wealthy are said to have had their wines cooled by having the bottles placed in water into which saltpetre was thrown, the bottles being the

Dr. Cullen, in 1755, discovered that the evaporation of water could be facilitated by the removal of the pressure of the atmosphere, and that by doing this water could be frozen. Nairn, in 1777, discovered that sulphuric acid would absorb the vapor of water if placed in a second vessel sepa-rate from that containing the water, but connected with it. This discovery he put to use in 1810 by constructing an apparatus for absorbing the vapor of the water that it was desired to cool or freeze. This appara tus greatly facilitated the freezing operaions of a vacuum freezing machine.

Jacob Perkins was the father of what is

now known as the compression system, having invented the first machine of the having invented the first machine of the kind in 1834, and, as these machines, im-proved, are at the present day more in use than any other, a description of Perkins' patent may be of interest. His apparatus consisted of an insulated vessel, in which was inclosed a second vessel containing ether; a vapor pump, a worm and wormtub, a tube between the second vessel and the pump, another between the pump and the worm, a third between the worm and the bottom of the ether vessel, and the necessary valves.

afterwards constructed, the apparatus was made up of a jacketed pan, within which was the water to be cooled; an insulated box, in which was placed the pan; a pump to extract the vapor from the jack-et; a worm in which the vapor was con-densed after it left the pump; a worm-tub containing cold water to cool the worm and by means of he latter the vapor with in it; and pipes connecting the top of the pan jacket to the pump, the pump with the upper end of the worm, and the lower end of the worm with the under side of the pan jacket. The refrigerating agent used with this apparatus was one derived the destructive distillation of caoutchough James Harrison improved upon Jacob Per-kins' apparatus in 1856, and it has been further improved by many others since.

"A pipe organ."-Life.

CHRISTMAS GREENS

are more apt to drop off after the tree has been kept for a few days. For decorations a great variety of new things have come to be used. The Jerseymen discovered that Where Decorations for the Holiday Season Are Obtained.

AN ARMY OF WORKPEOPLE EMPLOYED

Preparations That Are Always Begun Early in the Fall.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

"'Is Christmas going out of fashion? Well, hardly, if my business is any indication of the estimation in which it is neld." It was a Christmas tree dealer in New York who spoke, and while he talked he was superintending a number of men who were at work removing shapely young firs from the little coasting steamer and piling them along the pier. "Few persons have any idea of the proportions to which the trade in Christmas greens has grown in this country," continued the dealer. "It has at least doubled within the past few years, and this season we expect to keep up the increase. Most folks never think about the business end of the Christmatree trade, I suppose, beyond noticeing that a small-sized forest springs up in certain sections of the city every December and disappears as quickly as it comes. But the dealer, who has to compress his whole season's business into a few weeks, begins his hustling in the middle of the summer. The gathering of the stock begins in September and goes steadily on from that time

ntil within a week or two of December 25. "There's a good deal more competition low than there was when I first started in the business a dozen years ago. Then we could get about all the trees we wanted within a hundred miles of New York, and it was the same in Boston, Philadelphia and all the eastern cities. Now a good share of our Christmas greenery comes from northern New England, and whereas the farmer used to be delighted to have us clear off his ground for him, now he charges us from \$1 to \$2 per hundred, and insists upon our taking everything clean, instead of selecting the most perfect growth, as we once did. In bringing the bulky stuff from such a discrepancy in share of our Christmas greenery bulky stuff from such a distance, too, the cost of transportation is considerable. Still, one can buy a Christmas tree now for about the price it would have brought ten years ago, and the growth in the volume of the trade makes our profits about the same, too.'

Center of the Trade.

The gathering and "making" of Christmas greens forms the chief occupation of many a worker from Maine to Florida during the autumn and early winter, and brings Christmas money to many a country household where the resources are few and the epportunities for extra earnings far between. The chief center of the trade in Christmas greens, however, is, and has been for many years, in New Jersey, in the section of the state that lies between Key-port and Jamesburg, just south of the Raritan river. Here the material that is gathered from all along the Atlantic coast is worked up into wreaths and roping and decorative designs of every pattern. The Christmas trees themselves, of course, go directly to market from the place where they are cut. A few of them are obtained from this same section, but most of them from this same section, but most of them England.

Among the Jersey pines the preparations Christmas begin in late when the balsam is gathered before it gets too dry and stored in great stacks around the sheds and long low outhouses in which the work of "making" Christmas greens is carried on. It is a community industry carried on by groups of families for the rest part, though some of the largest dealers employ "help" from the towns for lifteen or twenty miles around. The work dealers employ "help" from the towns for fifteen or twenty miles around. The work is mostly carried on by women and young folks and is eagerly welcomed by even the well-to-do country families, not only on account of the money it brings, but because account of the money it brings, but bec of its social side, for all the gossip of the countryside is gone over at these gatherirgs and the rooms in which the workers sit buzz with conversation like a meeting of a New England sewing circle.

Gathering the Material

The gathering of material begins in earnest with the coming of November, and parties of men are out all day cutting trim young balsams, pines and firs, gathering ground pine, cape flowers, holly, and, in fact, every kind of plant or shrub that is made available for use either by its rich greenery or its bright colors. Other work-men are busy sawing out and making into forms the lath and light timber on which the greens are mounted. Half a million fect of lumber are used for this purpose feet of lumber are used for this purpose every season. By the time a big supply of these requisites is accumulated the material which has to be brought from a distance begins to arrive. Princess pine, which is used in immense quantities, usually comes by boat from Maine and New Hampshire; laurel and holly are shipped by train from the south.

With the arrival of these supplies the

work of "making" is ready to begia. The twigs and small branches which are used for the wreaths and similar decorations are stripped off and piled in heaps beside each worker. On the other side are the frames and by the deft use of scissors, cord and wire the women turn out the finished pieces at an astonishing rate. They are paid by the piece, from seven to eight cents per dozen being the usual rate for wreaths, while from 20 to 25 cents per dozen is paid for large pieces, such as an-chors, crosses, ships and other more elab-orate designs. The fastest hands can make half a gross of the large pieces in a day or a gross of plain wreaths, so that earnings range from 75 cents to \$1.50. very skillful workwomen, who make the most elaborate designs and those requiring an artistic combination of different materials, are paid at a still higher rate. While wages are good and the work is hard, there is plenty of fun for the ers, too. On one or two nights of every week the floor of the workshop is usually cleared and an impromptu dance is held, at which all the young fishermen and boat-men of the neighborhood gather to make

Fifteen Thousand Yards. While a good deal of material is used in

greaths and stars and other designs, even nore is worked up into roping, which has come to be used in immense quantities for church, store and house decoration. Roping is usually made from balsam, hemlock and the materials which are less desirable for single pieces. The small twigs stripped from the branches are twined on wire, the long strings are dipped in scalding green dye to give them a brilliant color and are then hung out of doors or in low sheds to dry before being sent to market. Some idea of the extent to which this branch of the business has grown can be gained from the fact that last season a single great department store in New York placed with one dealer an order for 15,000 yards with one dealer an order for 15,000 yards of roping to be used in its Christmas dec-Acres on acres are stripped every year

to supply the greenery so characteristic of the American Christmas. In the Jersey dis trict alone something like 100 tons of prin-cess pine is used, along with corresponding quantities of balsam, fir, mosses and other local materials. All this goes to the making of decorative designs and does not in-clude Christmas trees, which form a large item by themselves. It is impossible to tell exactly how many trees are used each season in the whole country, for in many places the supply is local, out the figures cannot be short of 2,000,000. Very likely they should be higher than this. Some 300,000 evergreens were cut for this pur-pose in the Catskills and Adiron lacks last pose in the Catskills and Adiron lacks last year, and more than 500,000 were obtained in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. A good many are cut in Pennsylvania, while the southern states have enough for their own uses. It would therefore seem that the above estimate is much too low. Trees That Are Used. Down to very recent years spruce and

fir were the only trees used for Christ-

n as, while holly and mistletoe held un-disputed the field of decoration. But with

the great increase in the demand for

coloring.

Holly and mistletoe still hold the place of chief favor, though they have had to admit many humbler plants to their company. Holly and laurel are both gathered chiefly in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. It is packed in big 16-foot cases just as it is picked and is shipped from the nearest wharf or railway station to be sold out in small bunches on the city streets. One New York dealer last year sold 1,000 cases of holly alone. Holly requires more care than some of the more hardy greens. It must be stored in a cool, dark place and sprinkled with water every day until it is ready for shipment. Most of the others are merely sprinkled. Most of the others are merely sprinkled when they are cut and are piled up in the most convenient spot. When ready for slipment they are doused with scaiding vater, which is allowed to freeze and is not thawed out again until they are placed for sale. on sale The Mistletoe Bough.

their cape flowers with their bright berrie

produced a good effect, and that everla-ing, bittersweet and a great number similar growths could be utilized in t

similar growths could be utilized in in ade pieces. The beautiful juniper, whi has always been highly esteemed in the south, has of late found considerable for, and large quantities of it are not be utilized.

shipped north from the Virginias and Ca-linas. Mosses are used to a considera extent, 130. The favorites among these f

drapery and decoration are the group pine of New Jersey and the various char-nosses. Florida moss is sometimes use

and two years ago a great quantity of was shipped north, but it has not found any great favor on account of its somb

It may be of interest to know that of the "English" mistletoe so conspicuously disclayed on our city streets about Christmas ime not one-tenth really comes from England. The reason is that the great orchards of Worcestershire and Lincolnshire, from which the English mistletoe is ob-Most of the mistletoe row brought to this country comes from Normandy, where it is so thick that the farmers look upon it as a nuisance. Some American mistletoe, from Delaware and Virginia, is sold every year, Delaware and Virginia, is sold every year, tut it is generally regarded as inferior to the imported article.

It is difficult to compute how much the great American pocket book is called upon

to pay for the greenery of Christmastide. For the trees about \$5 per hundred is usually paid to the woodsman who cuts them. In some places a dollar or two must be added to this as a recompense to the land owner. They retail at from 15 cents to \$5 cach, according to size and quality. Out of this difference in prices comes the profit of the wholesale and retail dealers, and the control of the second of the second of the control of the wholesale and retail dealers, and the cost of transportation. Princess pine se much used for decorative pieces, costs se much used for decorative pieces, costs \$50 per ton in New Hampshire, and freight adds nearly \$25 to this. One dealer used over ten tons of this last season, so that it forms no small item by itself. Holly brings from \$60 to \$125 per case, and the criginal cost of mistletoe is entirely swallowed up by the expense of importing it. About 500 cases were brought into New York last year, and, as it sells for 25 cents a branch, this single item in the bill must branch, this single item in the bill must have amounted to a round sum. Altogether the American people probably spend not less than \$3,000,000 for Christmas greenery. Most persons will be inclined to believe that it is worth this sum in the brightness an good cheer it brings into our ordinarily colorless lives.

Game Record of the Kaiser. From the New York Tribune

In view of the fact that the kaiser's left arm is withered and useless, his record of 3,967 head of game killed with his ow. hand during the last two decades is a remarkable one. It is contained in his "game book," which has just been published for private circulation among the royal personages and court circles of Europe. Comprised in this total are some "pieces" which do not fall to the lot of every sportsman. Thus there are a couple of so-called "aurochsen," a species of bison that is still to be found in certain remote districts of Europe. It was exceedingly plentiful a Europe, It was exceedingly plentiful a thousand years ago, but is now almost en-tirely extinct. Then there are 2.175 wild boars, sixteen thousand hares, seven record of 121 chamois is distinctly good when it is remembered what an exceeding-ly difficult game this is to shoot, entailing, as it does, mountaineering of the most arduous and perilous character. It serves in a measure to atone for the twenty foves which figure as having been shot by one which figure as having been shot by use emperor, a fact which is more likely to in-jure his reputation and prestige in the eyes of hunting men than any other fault or even crime of which he could be guilty. It must be borne in mind in connection with this "game book" that the kaiser cannot use his left arm to make the connection

cannot use his left arm to support his gun or to take alm. He is obliged to rest his weapon upon the shoulder or arm of the keeper or loader who attends him on these expeditions, and to shoot with a light rifle fowling-piece specially constructed for

New Rules Adopted by the Austrian From Life.

All motions are in order Every one making a motion must be pro-

vided with a second. A motion is lost when the mover of same as not recovered consciousness within half an hour after making it.
It is always in order to lay members



The after-dinner Task

of dish washing loses its terrors, and all household cleaning is accomplished quickly and easily by the use of

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Christmas greens many other materials have been pressed into service. The cheaper trees are now pine and hemiock, which are less desirable than the spruce because their spines are not so long and sliky and